

Davis, however, sent in the nominations of five generals who had resigned from the United States' army. He dated the nominations May 24th, 1862. They were: Albert Sidney Johnston, May 24th; of Robert E. Lee, June 14th; of Joseph Johnston, July 4th; of G. T. Beauregard, August 1st, and of James B. Magruder, with the commissions of the old army except that General Johnston, who had out-ranked them all, was transferred from the first to the fourth rank in the new list. Johnston had been severely tested against this injustice in a vigorous but courteous language. President Davis declared the letter unbefitting, and with a stern expression examination of his conduct, stood upon his dignity and to find General Johnston in command of the Confederate forces on the peninsula, opposed to the invasion of McClellan. The President gave him an admirable account of Johnson's tactics during the battle of Seven Pines, in which he was severely wounded. He had insisted that President Davis should concentrate a force at Richmond, and that Johnston should follow McClellan before he could arrange to cover his retreat. President Davis refused to take the step, which later he was forced

go on down them steps. You know when you tol' me the way to narrow, an' I tol' you to stoop fur me an' I tol' both to go in. I know'd I'd git it, but I didn't git kitched outright, if I go by him; so, as he seemed to be a fool, I thought, I'd better stan' till I see what he war a goin' to do.

Unfortunate fur me. I bung my heel in sticant an' stumblen, an' 'thar not a rattlin' to Ketch by. I kep' on a' blin' an' fus' thing I know'd I were down the steps! My story drops an' leaves went ev'whar, an' I ain't kitched 'em up yit, an' the las' thing I see was the devil when he tol' me to stick his arms an' stan'ed on a boarda me.

How I did bump them steps! But mupin' warnt nofin' to the misery I was a goin' to the devil as I could go.

I eve I give a prayer fur mos' ev'f an' I know I give a swear fur the same, but I got that ju' the same! I know no more. When I come to on a lounge in a nice co'pset an' or an' some more men were standin' up when they see the open my eyes, 'em says up an' says to me, 's: "I'm feared I scarted you, marm—"

Sallie Smith, what air you a doin'?

Kate, if you b'lieve me, 'twas Tom I sech lies to be my bean bet' we were a widder with five childer, said he was a widder with three, an' an' got a hack an' I fatched me, 's: "so maybe o' fortune is made all! Have you got any money fur buy a new friz with?"

I listened to her story mighty when she wound up with that kinder riled, an' I says to her, says Sallie, don't you be too trasin' when you see the devil sh' 'nough, I made hisse' look like Tom Jenkins to take you in. Don't you be nothin' to take a big devil an' these little ones in the house! You see him an' his three will make nine an' an' that's worse'n the man in the what carried the seven devils home to you, you know what the book tol' his last state!

nothin' I say kid' do no good, on the blue wrapper the very nex' an' in six weeks him an' his devils n'ar. I lef' an' went to the H— to git over it, an' gams then I've nurse, but not fur Sallie Jenkins!

Crickets as Cannibals.

In an assemblage of many crickets certain observations in a ear of box (caja de herborizado), the r diminished from day to day; at lastly one—not a little fattened—by the side of the remains of his companions, says Natural Science, that cannibalism among the crickets was noticed only among captives, nam now enabled to state that under conditions cannibalism is present some orthoptera in the free state, among the locusts.

The summer of 1883, in which the ex-heat and drought had brought the nearly entire disappearance of locusts in a good part of the country, was more particular in the case of the Band Oriental, I had occasion to journey from San Jose to Mercedes one place, La Piedras, at which diligence stopped, I noticed great numbers of the locusts, the species being vittiger, petzotettix maculipennis, petzotettix arrogans, which covered the ground and rocks. My attention was caught by the fact of seeing around a number of other individuals of the species which were eating parts even while it was yet alive protesting vigorously. I saw different species, in which the conquerors, two or three at a time, got hold of the prey by force of their own kind, throwing open, and opening the abdomen in to devour the entrails, these being after and more savory portions since still contained some of the vegetable

gibbism here appeared in its lowest element, and the numerous remains of those which had been eaten bore witness to the extent to which the process had proceeded. In the face of facts of this character, it seems certain that cannibalism is nature when the preservation of life for the sake of the survival of the species is concerned.

How to Care for Rings.—

Don't wear your rings under gloves or you remember to have them there-examined twice a year." is the advice given by a jeweler. The constant use of gloves or the use of gold points on the stones in place, and, unattractive attention is paid to them, they become loose in a very short time. Small rings of suede leather are made on purpose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin which may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry them with one. They should never be placed in the ordinary pocket book, as the rings against coins is a bad habit. Diamonds can be cleaned at home as well as when done by a jeweler. A little trouble is taken. They should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and dried in boxwood sawdust. This is too oily for this purpose.



The Men We Need.

Give us men—a time like this, demands, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands, whom the last of office does not kill, whom the spoils of office cannot give, who have opinions and a will, who have honor,—men who will not lie, who can stand before a demagogue, who are his treacherous flatterers without winking, men—sun-crowned, who live above his fog, who are in private thinking, while duty, or the rabble, in their thumb-worn creeds, and their little deeds, struggle in selfish strife, for Freedom sweeps the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

Little Plymouth Va.

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